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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. IX.—No. 435.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1892.

[ONE PENNY.]



ASSISTING BATHERS AT DOUGLAS.

"In spite of communications from Mr. Gladstone, urging upon him the necessity of his immediate return to London, Poor Pa remains obdurate. At the present season, says he, the public welfare can be best attended to at the seaside. If attending to the public welfare means filling the hospitals with crippled patients, Papa is doubtless correct. His latest manœuvre is the construction of a machine by the medium of which the seaside bather can be propelled with unprecedented swiftness and ease into the sea. Uncle Boffin was Papa's first victim, and is now lying wrecked in the local infirmary."—'TOOTSIE.

"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."



They were two young and innocent little bullets, the pride of their parents' hearts. Their only fault was, perhaps they were a little too mischievously inclined. One other day, happening to discover a pair of—



Lovers, as they thought, spooning under a gingham, they could not resist the temptation of having a little fun all to themselves, trusting to their legs to carry them out of danger. But, horror! whose voice was—



That bidding them to return? A glance around discloses the fact that it was their parents who were the victims of their mischievousness. Needless to say, those youngsters did not spend a very happy evening.

BOLLAND THE BAILIFF.

"BAILIFFS, at the present day," says a writer fifty odd years ago, "are not much esteemed as persons of respectable character, or whose mode of life is at all calculated to raise them in the opinions of their fellows; but, judging from the case of Bolland, the race appears to have much improved since the year 1772."

We read in the *Universal Magazine*, under the date of March 18th in that year, "about twenty minutes after nine o'clock, James Bolland was brought out of Newgate and conveyed in a cart to Tyburn. His behaviour on his way to, and at the place of, execution was very devout, and in the cart he knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer, and offered up some ejaculations himself."

Mr. Bolland, in his youth, served his time as a butcher, and afterwards followed his trade as a master for some years, during which time he supplied St. Thomas' Hospital with meat, and, it is stated, defrauded that charity "by having procured a wooden weight, which, in appearance, resembled a metal one of fifty-six pounds, though it really weighed no more than seven pounds, and in weighing some hundredweights of meat, this false one was usually put into the scale, so that in each cargo of provisions the hospital was defrauded of forty-nine pounds."

It is to be presumed that this despicable fraud was not discovered—at any rate, he was afterwards allowed by the authorities to open a "sponging-house," or receptacle for

newly arrested debtors hoping to obtain their liberty without having to go to gaol. At this place no opportunity was missed either by the exercise of fraud or artifice to procure money from his unfortunate guests, and all efforts to oppose his will were, of course, unavailing so long as his dupes remained under his roof.

In the course of his numerous nefarious practices, he was frequently in the habit of employing the services of what were then known as "men of straw," otherwise, unprincipled scoundrels, who loitered about the vicinity of Westminster Hall, ready to act as bail and swear they were worth any required amount of money, and who were easily recognizable by the straw which hung out of their shoes.

Bolland had gone as far as to hire two of these wretches for the exclusive use of his establishment, and had given them each a decent suit of clothes. One day, after by their aid he had made a lucky hit, he was treating them in a tavern in Covent Garden when two Bow Street "runners," entering, took them prisoners, to his great astonishment, on a charge of highway robbery. They were tried, convicted and hanged; but what pained Bolland most was that, accompanying them to the scaffold in his capacity of sheriff's officer, he saw them turned off wearing the clothes with which he had provided them, and which by custom would now become the property of the executioner.

Among the many cruelties perpetrated on his victims may be quoted the case of a Mrs. Beauchamp, the wife of a sea captain, who, owing to her husband's lengthy absence, had contracted a debt of thirty pounds, for which Bolland arrested her. On her finding five guineas, he found her bail; but scarcely had she obtained her liberty, when she was rendered into custody again by the bail (Bolland's accomplice), and a further sum of ten pounds extorted from her. Bolland then got her to sign a bond, confessing judgment, and at the same time he levied upon her furniture as a collateral security. Next day he seized all her goods, and she, in a state of desperation and despair, attempted to set fire to the house. She was dragged to Newgate, tried and sentenced to be hanged; and meanwhile her husband, returning to England, was arrested on an affidavit of debt, falsely sworn to by one of Bolland's men. The captain, only by paying this debt he did not owe, obtained his freedom, and the whole case being laid before the King, the wife obtained an unconditional pardon.

In spite of his infamous character, Bolland purchased the post of City Marshal, to the scandal of the Court of Aldermen, and might have taken office had he not, meanwhile, come to grief over a forged acceptance on a bill of exchange, for which he paid the penalty of his life.

FROM THE CATNACHERIES, OPPOSITE DOGS' HOME.

(Ring top bell and move twice.)

... then clutchin' off im hve the air ee rench iss edd bak out the barr, an whilst the shifferin retch moud an sopt fore merci drord the stil reekin blaid—

(Next week, "Miss Moore's Double.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

We're deeply obliged for your letter, MISS BURT. The question has oft been discussed: As far as we know, it's a matter of form, but cannot be sure of it. TRUST. It's purely philanthropy, ARTHUR E. BOYD; The *Eminent's* really a brick. If you send us the date of the paper, A LAD, We'll tell you in less than a tick. Impossible, JAMES; it is clean out of print. Thanks, NELLIE, for your letter. You're right, BERTIE HOLLAND; continuous booze to SLOPER'S destruction must tend. We haven't got room for your story, F. JEFFS, And presume you don't want it returned. You cannot deny our assertion, T. HAYS, That the *Eminent's* rest is well earned. We cannot respond to your question, MISS MAY, As Tootsie's away by the sea. We'll do it with pleasure, A READER FROM BATH. A guinea, F. S., is the fee. The sketch which you send us is useless, A SCOT; It's five times too large, at the least. 'Tis the truth of the proverb, A BIRMINGHAM MAN, That enough is as good as a feast.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Magistrate (severely, to ragged and cunning looking prisoner). Now, sir, what is your occupation? Prisoner. Occupation? Nothink. Magistrate. Nothink? What do you do for a living, then? Prisoner. Do? Anybody.

THE oil and paint merchant who keeps the little shop on the left, half way down our alley, has brought an action against the man who alluded to him in a recent election speech as "a man of colour." Some people are dreadfully sensitive, you know.

A SULTAN once bought for his harem Some clothes, but his wives wouldn't wear 'em; When asked for a reason for such arrant treason, They said, "Well, we cannot bear 'em."

Desponding Lover. My dear fellow, it maddens me to think of it. Only fancy her throwing me over after all this time. And, oh! how I adored her! how I worshipped her! And to think that she should jilt me, who fancied her everything that is good.

Flippant Friend. Ah, my boy, she was one of those things that are too good to be true, eh?

THE carefullest wife on the look out to prevent her husband's shortcomings always made him eat at least half a dozen last year's onions before she would trust him to go walking on Hampstead Heath. "They won't want you to join the kiss-in-the-ring this journey" was her last fond words as she held her nose with one hand and slammed the door after him with the other.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 435.—The "Douglas Bathing" Costume.



"When to weigh the boatswain calling."—Dibdin.



"I would like to have your daughter for my wife."—Indeed! And what does your wife want with her?"



"HAWFUL 'ORRID. Ruth. Don't tell me he's a gentleman. Why, he drops his Hs. Alice. Yes, dear; but his brother makes up for his shortcomings, for he always uses them where they are not required."

Mother. Why, dear me! what's all this? What are you crying about, Freddy?

Freddy. Boo-oo-oo! Willie's eaten my half of the big apple you gave us, and his own, too. Boo-oo!

Mother. Willie, I'm astonished. You ought to know better. What do you mean by such conduct towards your poor little brother?

Willie. Well, ma, you've often told me I always ought to take his part.

THE night was still and dark. The air was close and heavy. Not an aspen leaf stirred. Suddenly the silence is broken. A strange explosive sound. Then a rending, tearing sound. Then a sharp report like that of a Martini-Henry. What's the meaning of these disturbers of the silence? "Well, fust, you see, guv'nor, there was George a-kissing of our Charlotte Anne, then he was a huggin' of her and her stays was cracking, then ma, sudden like, came behind and caught Charlotte a spauk on the ear." Strange, strange clearing up of weird mystery.

"SHE wore a wreath of roses," eh?

If nothing else she wore, She must have felt quite far from gay When it began to pour!

He. Do you play billiards at all, may I ask, Miss Needleby?

She. A little—a very little, Mr. Longue; but I'm very fond of the game.

He. Indeed! I'm glad to hear it. Er—do you understand "pool"?

She. Oh, no; that's a little too deep for me. [And it was only when he told her he'd sent it to SLOPER that she realized that she had unconsciously perpetrated a joke.]

"SAME again, if ye please, me darlint." "Yes, sir. Irish, sir!" "Now, phwat's that to do wid it where I came from at all, at all? Just give me a drop o' the craythur an' a swate smoile."

School Board Teacher. Now give me an instance of any great advance in Imperial Federation.

Small Boy (with large ears). When they made a limited company of the Empire, sir.

HERE'S another easy one for you. What military command would be most appropriate to use in desiring a summer sky, which has suddenly clouded over, to resume its previous appearance. Give it up? Oh! you haven't half tried. It's really very simple. Azure were. As you were. Don't you see?

Sub-Editor. Old Fattiman called this morning in a deuce of a rage.

Managing Editor. Did he? What was the matter?

Sub-Editor. Matter enough. Our report should have read:—"Alderman Fattiman ably filled the chair," but, somehow, amply has got in instead of ably.

AT the recent Charity Bazaar, held at Eastbourne, the largest take of all was at a stall where the enterprising proprietor sold a collection of gold mounted purses, made out of Tootsie's latest bathing dress.

"THEY do make the pastry rather tough at Snooksley's Boarding House. The other day the cook by accident dropped a flat-iron on an apple pie-crust." "Well, that dented it a bit, anyhow." "Yes, the flat-iron; and it broke the handle off."

IT was the Bladder Olive Branch, the youngest and also the vernalest.

Who asked of Bladder pater, "Dad, what's a society journalist?" And Bladder said, "From what I've seen, and I've studied a great variety, He's just a man who hasn't a place in letters or society."

"WHY was the railway ticket made a parallelogram instead of a square?—Because you shouldn't mistake it for a leaving shop one."

"Who was it first invented swings?—An immortal Band of Hope teacher named Buggins, whose false teeth had become utterly destroyed from playing at kiss-in-the-ring."

"What is the most correct meaning of the word 'Don't'?—Get away closer."—*Magnal's Questions Improved.*

THE following significant conversation was recently overheard a few days after the opening of the grouse shooting season:—

First Sportsman. Had any luck?

Second Sportsman. Yes, plenty.

First Sportsman. What did you kill?

Second Sportsman (half glancing towards gamekeeper and two setters). Nothing.

Father. I can't make out what's come over you at all, my son: you neglect your lessons and do nothing but play about all over the place. It's very surprising, for you used to be most studious, a regular bookworm, in fact, but you've turned altogether now.

Son. Well, father, even a worm will turn, you know.

WE often hear people sigh for what they are pleased to term "the good old times," but never, we are convinced, does a young man so devoutly wish for a revival of the armour wearing days, as when he goes to interview his best girl's stern parent, chiefly remarkable for the possession of a large and heavy boot, and a hasty and uncontrollable temper.

Jones. What became of that pretty little lady clerk old Citychap engaged to keep his books in order?

Robinson. Oh, he's married her, and she's engaged in keeping him in order now.

"IN what," she asked, as she stood with her best mash gazing into the shop window of a fishing tackle manufacturer—"in what respect does a man resemble the voracious pike?" And when the best mash had given it up, promptly the dear girl responded "Why, because he's often caught with spoon bait," and dragged the unfortunate fellow off in search of yet another strawberry ice.

IF lovely woman could but peer Into the future, in the end She'd find a foe who costs her dear In her she thinks "her dearest friend."

"Do you believe in miracles, ALLY?" asked McGooseley, as they mutually polished the pewter of the "Blue Pig" counter with their elbows. "Well, in some respects, I hardly can in this age of progress, Mac. Still, what could be more miraculous than the marvels of electrical science?" "Well, I don't know; I should think it would be still more miraculous if you were to stand the next round of booze, or pay back that dollar you borrowed yesterday."

"The personality of McGooseley," writes ALLY, in his private memoirs, "is only to be exceeded by his," etc., etc.

The Bridegroom (affably). Well, Johnny, arent you sorry I'm going to take your pretty sister away?

The Bride's Little Brother. No, I don't care much; but Jack—(indicating grown-up brother)—says he's nearly heart broken over it.

The Bridegroom. Then, Jack displays considerably better feeling than you.

The Bride's Little Brother. Yes, he's awfully upset about it—he says he don't know where he shall borrow half-quids from now, and he'll have to look about for a new "jay" to "rook" at billiards.

TOOTSIE AT WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

WE are still alive. The yacht as yet has not been scuttled, but a time will come home.



Bob's predicament.

Miss Lardi Longsox, Miss Tottie Good-enough, yours truly, the Dook Snook and the Honourable Billy—and are staying at the "Grand Atlantic Hotel," whilst Bob and the crew sleep on board out in the Bay.

Meanwhile, Bob, attired in a Gladstone shirt and collar, may be observed the best part of the day angling from the deck, whilst the crew looks on with a pitying smile and sips whisky. Of course, no fish are caught. I may mention that Bob's collar is the real authentic pattern, having been bought of Mr. English, the celebrated out-

fitter of the Royal Opera Arcade, St. James', under these circumstances: Bob, loitering outside looking in at the window, happened to drop his eye on an old gentleman coming out of the shop-door. "Why," cried he to the Earl of Arddubaike, who chanced to be in his company, "that's the G.O.M.!"

"This, then," exclaimed the Earl, "must be a doosid cheap shop—and a good 'un too." So in they both went and ordered the Gladstone shirt and collar—they are joined to one another—and when they got them home and tried them on, were very, very happy.

Weston is accounted a fashionable watering-place, and is situated on the coast of the Bristol Channel, Somersetshire way. It is supposed to be especially beneficial to all persons suffering from general debility, but robust wasters also abound in the neighbourhood and break one another's bones playing cricket and football. On the Island of Birnbeck, which is connected with the mainland by the pier, may be found swings and gymnastics, and there is also a refreshment room. The village of Locking, four miles distant from Weston, is celebrated for its bonecaverns, but whether these are the bones of gymnasts and footballers, I cannot say.

Bob is still alive, somebody may be glad to hear, but bumped and bruised a bit. Being of a venturesome, not to say worrisome, nature, it occurred to him that it would be good fun to be let down a cliff by a rope to rob birds'-nests. The mothers and fathers the eggs belonged to, however, went, I am glad to say, for Bob, and boxed his ears properly with their wings. He dropped what eggs he had stolen, squealed piteously for help and was hauled up out of harm's way amidst yells of derision.

Although you may rob birds at Weston-super-Mare, you mayn't whack donkeys. The donkeys are kept on the sands close to the Esplanade, and are carefully watched over by two town constables. Those two town constables are to them like brothers—nay, mother, rather—and in their keeping Neddy is safe from the assaults of the low lived wretches. I wish there were custodians elsewhere appointed to take charge of these gentle, long suffering creatures.

Recovered from his whipping and fright, Bob is at the present moment teaching poor Billy and the Dooklet the lamblike game of pitch and toss upon the sands. Poor Billy and the Snooklet, who, however, professed to be in possession of an infallible "system," came off very badly at the end of an hour. Bob is no better than a blackleg, and, as he refuses to be responsible for snacks between meals, Billy is racking his brain for some means of keeping body and soul together after lunch is over until the dinner-hour arrives.

Poor Billy! Poor Billy! And poor Billy's cheap check!!! We were coming on shore from that wretched yacht, where we had been to a fish lunch at



Heavily handicapped.

Bob's invitation (flounder, herring and a bit of jelly-fish), when, the tide being low, we had to be carried on shore. A small but determined boy was engaged for the job, and sampled Billy first. FLOP! SPLASH!!! GURGLE!!!

THE LIGHTS O' LONDON.

By TOMASSIO DI PUSSO, Esq.

THE days are long and dreary,
And ditto are the nights,
And I am weary, weary
Of looking round for lights.
Away on seaside-beano
My boss and mistress roam,
And they have left for me no
Provision, shelter, home.
So, moaning, howling, shrieking,
I wander up and down,
Still seeking, vainly seeking,
The Lights o' London Town!

A myriad cats have flourished
Whose homes were on the tiles,
But I, caressed and cherished,
Have never learnt their wiles.
Sweet London lights! in London's
Abodes how many a puss
Enjoys you in abundance,
While I am starving thus!
Yes, I, who vainly seek you,
To die must lay me down,
Unless I soon can sneak you,
Oh, Lights o' London Town!

THE NAUGHTY-BIOGRAPHY OF ALLY SLOPER.

(Written by himself, with passing observations and footnotes by his friends and relations.)

CHAPTER XXI.

I BORROW HALF A BEAN.

POLONIUS says neither a borrower nor a lender be. In some things, I have always come to the conclusion that the father of Ophelia had many of the attributes of the familiar Jerusalem pony. There are times when a man must borrow; there are times when the "screw" day must be forestalled.

(This journey there is just a tweak of honesty about the old humbug. As to borrowing, I'd back SLOPER against the Turkish Government. I sometimes think that he imagines everybody is a sort of small—ought to leave a trail of silver behind him wherever he goes. As to forestalling "screws" in advance, SLOPER would have his sixteen years in advance if you would let him, and then the chances would be ten to one that he would come in and say, "Let me have my half-week's screw for January, 1906; I won't draw any more."—THE MANAGER.)

I borrowed my first half-quid of a highly respected proprietor of a tripe and cow-heel emporium, much favoured by the nobility, aristocracy and gentry generally of the Camberwell High Road.

"By-the-way, old man," I said, touching him lightly on the elbow, "would you mind doing me a bit till Tuesday morning at 10.46 precisely? Till then your faithful SLOPER is stony."

He produced the golden coin from his till. There was a flavour of tripe about it. Yet, no matter, it was produced willingly.

(I tell you what, it ain't no uncommon thing for perfect strangers to lend ALLY a dollar or so quite readily. As the office boy said—"It's a deal cheaper lending ALLY five bob than getting rid of him any other way. Lend him, and he'll take bally good care not to come nigh you. If you don't, he'll hang on to you like a winkle on Margate pier, and he'd shove you under a hydraulic press if he could to squeeze drinks out of you."—[KY MO.]

I expended that half-bean in a thoughtful and proper manner. A pair of unmentionables, a white waistcoat and a pink shirt were once more seen to adorn a figure which has before now been compared to Apollo and been admired from haughty perresses down to the befathered, kiss-in-the-ring beauties of Whitechapel.

When Tuesday, at 10.46, came round, I regret to say my financial position prevented me from fulfilling my obligation. I mentioned the circumstance to a faithful friend.

"Do the manly thing, ALLY," he said. "Go round and tell old Trotts the truth."

This I found difficult.

(Well, it is difficult for Poor Pa to have to tell the truth sometimes. Pa is dreadfully worried by creditors, which he has to avoid somehow or the other. Only last week the butcher threw a half-pennyworth of cats'-meat in at the drawing room window, crying out, in his rude way, "Try that with a little treacle for a mayonnaise. You don't get no more joints from me, you old scallywag." Pa shed tears at the gross insult, and did not recover his spirits until he'd had at least three "threes."—TOOTSIE.)

I walked into Mr. Trotts's shop. Manly fortitude was depicted on my countenance.

"I regret to say, Mr. Trotts," I began, "but I have slightly overdrawn my banker's account, and—"

Mr. Trotts seized on a large and succulent piece of tripe, and threw it in my face. Tripe, as a food, is excellent. It may be used as a substitute for sponge plaster—it may be safely relied on; still, I do not like tripe—in my face. I departed.

(To be continued next week.)

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE!

I MARKED a band of stern faced men
Bring forth a hapless victim;
They hurled him to the earth and then
Unmercifully kicked him.

But still he uttered not a sound:
Quite meek and mild they found him,
E'en when they dragged him o'er the ground
And tied a rope around him.

Anon they hung him to a tree;
He quitted terra firma;
But still he bore it patiently—
They never heard a murmur.

And yet they were not satisfied,
But further must ill-treat him;
With sticks they stood on either side
And savagely they beat him.

The corpse into a cart they thrust
And subsequently hid it;
'Twas quite a deed of "Dust to dust,"
For carpet-beaters did it.

A MORAL MISSING.

"ONCE upon a time," began the golden haired young lady from the rectory, who had dropped in at the school to have a field day with the offspring of the village haybinders, "once upon a time, two brothers started to Sunday school one Sabbath morning. Their way led past a fine apple orchard, where the branches of the trees were bending down with ripe, rosy, delicious apples. One of the brothers, who had a bad and wicked heart, seeing the tempting and delicious fruit, proposed getting through the hedge into the orchard and annexing a few of the ruddy Ribstons. But his brother was a good boy. He had a righteous heart—and no boots—and so he sped away, leaving his sinful relative greedily devouring the fruit. Now, it happened just about that time that the owner of the orchard came along and saw the two boys, and overheard the good one try to dissuade the evil minded one from his expedition; and when he met that boy next day, he gave him a farthing he had in his pocket to go to Dame Hester's and buy bull's-eyes with. He got a prize for his honesty, and what do you suppose the other boy got for his dishonesty?"

"Bout sixteenp'orth o' t' farmer's ripe Ribstons, miss?" yelled every member of the class in concert.

"Myes—I fear that was so," replied the fair teacher; and, dismissing the brats for the afternoon, she went back to the study of her B-top.

PETER THE PLODDER.

EVERYBODY held him up to everybody else as a pattern young man. He was so patient, persevering and plodding. When other young men were spending their evenings in music halls and billiard rooms, he, having had his tea, would settle down to overwork at home, and on Saturday after-



Where the trees shaded the river.

noons, when others were frivolling in boats on the river, he was still at home plodding away with his pen, turning honest pennies to put by for rainy days. What if foolish people chaffed him? Dr. Bolus, to whom he was as good as an annuity, commended him and encouraged him to persevere.

So, as time went on, he put by shillings, and they grew into pounds, and the pounds into notes. Yes, he always had a five pound note ready to pay his doctor's bill with.

Young Frank Flyaway was quite a different type of youth. He spent his money as fast as he earned it. He never put by for a rainy day. While plodding Peter was working at home on his overtime Frank was wasting his substance in riotous living and taking actresses out to supper after flirting with them behind the scenes. Frank, too, bet on horse-races, and alas! now and then would, what he called, "land a long shot" and make fifty pounds over a single race. Frank used to spend his holidays and Saturdays pulling frivolous girls up to Penton Hook. Dr. Bolus said Frank was no good to anybody—in the medical profession.

The only foolish thing Peter ever did was to fall in love. Mary Grey was a nice, quiet girl, and had a little money of her own, and so Peter thought she would not be an expensive girl, because she could buy her own gloves and things; and if ever she did want to



Cleverness and prettiness.

be taken about, could pay her own railway fare and expenses, and after they were married, perhaps Peter's. But girls are not sensible creatures, especially when they are pretty. Some-how, Mary didn't appreciate Peter's noble character. Her weak mind inclined rather to Frank with his curly fair hair, sunburnt complexion and big, muscular arms. She used to prefer to go with him up the river—to sit

in a boat while he pulled her where the trees shaded the placid river, or to sit in positions and watch him knocking up big scores at cricket, to sitting at home with Peter helping him to cast up accounts—and get through his overtime.

So, on the very day she so thoughtlessly rejected Peter, Mary Grey frivolously accepted the offer of Frank Flyaway, and that poor, misguided Frank on the very same day put a five pound note on a horse at a hundred to one, which set them up in housekeeping.

So, while Peter the Plodder kept saving up his money, the hapless Flyaways went from bad to worse—that foolish Frank took to writing for the stage and acting in his own pieces; and Mary played in them, too; and the public raved about his cleverness and her prettiness, so that the managers ran after them and offered them fabulous salaries—and actually paid them.

But the harvest that Peter plodded for was coming home. He chuckled as he totted up the figures of his bank-book and fingered his share certificates. The firm he worked for were bringing out a



The end of it.

gigantic company, which, according to the prospectus, was to make everybody's fortune. Peter realized all his capital and applied for five hundred shares, little thinking he would have so many allotted to him. But his employers thought so much of him that they let him have them, so that he had to get a mortgage on the house he had been for twelve years purchasing from a building society to pay the instalment on allotment. That company turned out a splendid investment—for the promoters, who bolted with everything they could lay their hands upon; also for the solicitors and liquidators, who melted everything else in costs.

And one day, as that poor, misguided Frank and his wife were driving along, they saw a poor, seedy wreck of a man tugging at the workhouse bell. It was Peter the Plodder!



Young Lady. Only one husband! Goodness gracious me! how horrid!
Gipsy. Yes, lady; but I cannot give you more for a shilling.



"I thought, Mr. Muddle, you were a Conservative?"
"Well, so I was, but they tell me that if the 'Servatives' got back they would make me marry my deceased wife's sister. Blow me, I had enough of the old woman to stand marrying her sister, so I went for the other party."



Aunt Grundy (at an up to date seaside hotel). Shocking! I'll write to the papers about this.



"How men do change when we marry them, do they not, dear? During courtship my husband used to be delighted at doing my shoes up, whilst now—but there, you know them yourself, dear."
—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

* Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 249.—MISS KATIE CARLTON.

"This earth can boast no fairer maid than she."
—The Dock Shook.
"Oh, that I might aspire to win her love."
—Lord Bob.
"I cannot stem the torrent of my passion."
—The Hon. Billy.

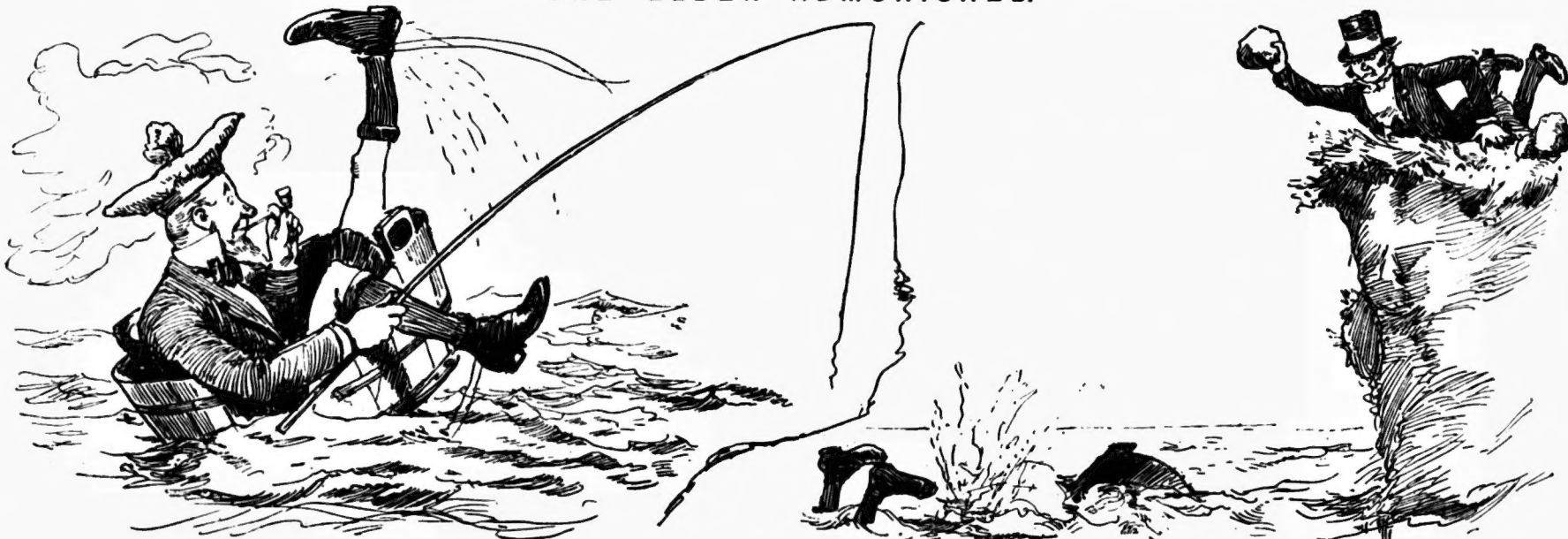
DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—KING ALFONSO XIII. OF SPAIN.



It was a brilliant idea of A. SLOPER's that he should sail for the sunny land of Spain, for the purpose of interviewing Europe's youngest king, Alfonso XIII., in the "caravel" Santa Maria, so conspicuous in the Columbus Celebration. As this little vessel is built after the model of the one in which the mighty Spanish sailor discovered America, so A. SLOPER proposed to build himself up, as it were, in outward form at least, after the model of the great Christopher himself. The authorities were delighted with the proposal, and it was arranged that the Santa Maria should call for the Eminent off the shores of Battersea, but the bridges were found to be what is commonly called a corker. A. SLOPER suggested to the London County Council that they should be raised for the occasion, which suggestion the L. C. C. would have willingly carried out had time allowed. (1). It was A. SLOPER's intention, after the interview was over, to do Spain on a muleto while leisurely smoking his cigarette and strumming the gay guitano. (You perceive he is not unacquainted with the language). (2). Alighting, now to study the onion of the country on its native soil (3), and now to join some dark eyed, olive skinned gitana in the dance.

But such was not to be. "Your Majesty," said A. SLOPER, when led by a Spanish Grandee into the presence of the young king, "before we come to business, permit me to offer you a cigarette. You'll find 'em good; the maker, a pal—a friend of mine, assures me they are of pure Houndsditch manufacture. I can do these cigarettes, your Majesty, at—"
(4). "Look here," interrupted the King, "will you play with me?" "Delighted, your Majesty!" "All right, I'll be the torreador and you be the bull;" and asking the Grandee for the loan of his tolelo, the youthful monarch went for A. SLOPER, who cried, in anguish, "Here, hold hard—oh, be quiet, your Majesty! Confound—here, I say—oh, D—N!" Fortunately the Queen Regent entered at that moment and stopped the game. (5). Next morning, when A. SLOPER was painfully walking (he could not sit) in the streets of Madrid, he encountered that Grandee, who rudely burst into a roar of laughter. Boiling with rage, the Eminent—who is terrible in his anger—landed the ill-mannered noble one full in the mouth, stretching him out on the ground flat as a pancake. What was the consequence? This Grandee was one of the grandest in Spain, and the F.O.S. had to flee the country.

THE ELDER ADMONISHED.



(1). As the Elder was enjoying himself the other day,

(2). The Minister said, "A'm glad that stane broke the backslider's tub; the idea of any Christian givin' way tae wicked enjoyment."



The Championships.



Tottie Baker up.



Ameer Subterfuge.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Here you are, my happy holiday makers, ye lollers by the briny, ye killers of grouse, ye cyclists, yachters, fishermen, tourists, and mountaineers, here's something tasty with which to while away your spare time. Open, Sesame! The sun and wind do all they can just now our pallid skins to tan:—It was a charming little plan; The "slop" walked in and nabbed his man:—The crops of Kentish hops, I fear, Will not be very good this year:—The East End beau and East End tart

Will soon be quite au fait in art:—Two years has Greasley won the cup: His rival now did not turn up:—Poor Tottie Fay! 'twould seem you are Upon a hopeless search for "ma":—The Afghan Ameer plainly shows How many little tricks he knows. There you are, ladies and gentlemen, that's the show that's got to satisfy you all until next week, when you may again expect a visit at the usual time from your old and trusted pal—THE SLOPERIAN SHOW MAN.

NOT COLLARED.



"Who are they? Why, three of the 'Friv' girls rehearsing a new pas de trois for some of their admirers on the cliffs above."



THE HONEYMOON.

He. Why did you wake me up?
She. Because you have been snoring horribly. You never told me you snored in your sleep, or I would never have married you.



First Friend. You say you love my brother?
Second Friend. Yes, dear.
First Friend. What size collar do you take?
Second Friend (wonderingly). Fifteen.
First Friend. Don't marry him, dear. So does he, and you'll never have a collar to call your own in the house.



YOUTHFUL LEVITY.

Rude Boy. Please, Mr. Stiggins, mother says will you sell her that there umbrella under your arm, as she's lard up for cabbages just now.



SHADY PROCEEDINGS AT SANDOWN.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

IF the conduct of the Marquis of Ailesbury over the Savernake estate be imitated, we may soon expect to see the market glutted with landed estates. There are only too many young bloods in England at the present moment who would be too pleased to relieve their impoverished condition by selling the estates which have been in their families for centuries, were it not that they are ashamed to do so. But the Marquis of Ailesbury is made of stern stuff, and in the furtherance of his own selfish desires treats with contempt the expositions of members of his family who might be expected to have at least something to say on the subject.



"THE Armenian Patriarch and the Porte," remarked Mrs. Sloper, the other day, looking up from her *Daily News* with a puzzled expression. "Deary me! I never knew as 'ow port drinkin' was at all conducive to long jeverity, did you, ALLY?" And it took the Eminent quite half an hour to explain that a patriarch is not necessarily an elderly individual, and that "fine old crusted" is seldom spelt with an "e."

SPLENDID business is being done with the *Private Secretary* at the Comedy Theatre, and the revival seems likely to run well into the winter months. Penley seems to get funnier than ever, and it is a great pity that this genial comedian is now seen so seldom on the London stage.

WITH appetite sharpened by a whole fortnight's abstention from the joys of the metropolis, the Dilapidated Demonstrationist took an affectionate farewell of the seaside divinity who had caused so much unreasoning jealousy in the bosom of Mrs. S.; and, accompanied by the Cerulean Orbed Blossom, ran up to town, and graced with his presence, the Sixth Annual Demonstration of the various Trades, Friendly, Temperance, and other Clubs and Societies of Fulham, organized on behalf of the West London Hospital. The populace of the districts through which the procession passed turned out en masse, and the state carriage of the distinguished pair was literally besieged with enthusiastic admirers. Several correspondents have since written asking us whether the unusually inflamed appearance of the Antiquated's proboscis is due to exposure to the sun and salt air, or any special tanning preparation. We believe it is the same old well tried mixture, thank you.

UPON the following day father and son journeyed to the Elms Athletic Grounds at Walthamstow, the occasion being that of a grand complimentary cricket match for the benefit of the veteran, Mr. Frank Beaumont, between fifteen members of the Britannia Theatre Cricket Club and Ally Sloper's Clown Cricketers. A SLOPER subsequently returned to Blackpool in a condition of considerable quibyness; but whether due to a long day in the field or the refreshment tent, we have at present been unable to determine.

"SUDDEN DEATH OF A GERMAN BANDSMAN" was the headline of a short paragraph in the columns of an evening contemporary one day last week. Well, well, it's highly satisfactory to reflect that there is, at any rate, one householder who is not to be trifled with with impunity, and whose aim with the rifle, gun, revolver, boot-tree, water jug, fender, or whatever missile the deed was perpetrated with, is deadly and unerring.

THE new style of play now in vogue at the Prince of Wales' Theatre has caught on wonderfully with London playgoers. There is a certain breeziness about the whole entertainment, together with a fair amount of originality, and these two things combined seem to act as a sort of magnet on the British public. Auguste Van Biene is a wonderfully clever actor and a still better musician, and to him chiefly is the success of *A Broken Melody* due, although it must be admitted that he receives excellent assistance from Olga Brandon, Blanche Horlock, W. S. Abington and Sant Matthew. Playgoers who have not already seen the piece, should seize the first opportunity for so doing.

ANOTHER very enjoyable afternoon's sport was provided at Muswell Hill last week, when the first of the August Fixtures of the Alexandra Park Trotting Club was held in very delightful weather, and patronized by a very large number of spectators, who seemed thoroughly satisfied with the excellent programme provided for their amusement by the able and energetic management.



THE ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the New Oxford Music Hall last week will long be remembered by those whose privilege it was to attend. The group which surrounded genial old Charles Morton and his esteemed wife included some of the best known financial and newspaper men and music hall artistes at present in London, and one and all joined heartily in wishing "The Father of Music Halls," whose seventy-third birthday it was, "many happy returns of the day." The healths of Mr. and Mrs. Morton were drunk times beyond number, with "Success to the New Oxford" thrown in at frequent intervals. The erratic position taken up by some of the guests as they were being photographed (excellently so, let it be admitted) by Mr. Milner, of the London Stereoscopic Company, may possibly be accounted for by the unprepared condition of the floor.

THE Mildewed Punter has this day been graciously pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon RICHARD DUNN, because he always lays ALLY a point over the odds. "Feyther," bleated the Blue Orbed Bookie, "it strikes me as Dick'll never exactly go broke over executing the whole of one of your blessed commissions. Five bob, at the outside, is all you—" But here again the inevitable interruption occurred, and a few minutes later Alexandry, as they say in the cricket reports, "retired hurt."

THE rumour that A. SLOPER has been privately requested by the Queen to form a Cabinet is entirely without foundation. 'Tis true that A. SLOPER has lately been seen in the company of sundry of Her Majesty's representatives, but as the former seemed unsteady in his gait, and the latter were attired in blue uniforms, perhaps the political importance of the circumstances was nil.

ACCORDING to the Metropolitan Magistrates, there has been a conspicuous decrease in drunkenness during the last three weeks. This is perhaps to be accounted for by SLOPER'S absence from town.

ALTHOUGH we ourselves are fain to admit that we have never actually been present on any occasion on which it has poured cats and dogs, the total number of our fingers and thumbs would be insufficient to enumerate every acquaintance who has been a witness to such a comparatively common occurrence. Occasionally, too, we have been told that it has rained pitchforks, and it therefore caused us little surprise to learn that at Bjelina, during a violent thunderstorm, a shower of living fish fell into the fields, ponds and high-ways. The majority of the fish closely resembled whittings and were easily caught by the inhabitants, and found to be excellent in condition and flavour. We know, of course, that such things do happen. Scientists and astrologers tell us so. But, really, we're getting just a wee bit tired of fish stories just now. They might sound better at some other season, but with things so slack, we can't help regarding them with a certain amount of suspicion.

WE understand the Hon. Member for Shoe Lane is at present busy upon a number of important Bills, which he proposes to bring before the notice of the House immediately upon the re-assembly of Parliament. The Abolition of Pretty Girls' Big Brothers, Adoption of "Unsweetened" as the Native Beverage, and a Tax upon Chorus Girls' Aunts, are, we believe, three of the most important questions in which the distinguished statesman is interested.

APROPRIATE of Bills, here is an entirely new conundrum for you. What will be one of the most important ones in the new Parliament? Why, Bill Gladstone, to be sure, stupid.

BRIGHTONIANS are lucky in being possessed of a splendid music hall like the Alhambra, one of, we believe, the largest and best conducted halls out of the metropolis, and the Alhambra directors are more than lucky in possessing a manager like Mr. Lumdy to look after their interests. In a recent conversation with him, he informed us that next Christmas they intended producing their first pantomime, the title for which will be *Sindbad the Sailor*. That the new venture will be successful can hardly be doubted, and, from all accounts, the production will be the talk of Brighton.

IT gladdens us much to see that a request has been made to the new Government not to appoint another Master of the Buckhounds. The eminently unsportsmanlike and cruel practice of hunting such a practically domesticated animal as a "Royal" stag cannot be too strongly condemned. Where, as on Exmoor and Dartmoor, and other hunting centres in Devon and Somerset, the quarry runs wild, and is "found" in a thoroughly legitimate manner, the pastime may be fairly designated "sport," but to bring a nearly tame stag to the meet, uncourt it, and then hound it to death or recapture, often through the very street of a neighbouring town, should be too ignoble an amusement for any but the most callous of cockney "sportsmen" who ever disgraced the pigskin.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1892.

28th August, 1859.—Leigh Hunt, poet, critic and miscellaneous writer, died this day at the house of a friend at Putney. His famous "Translation of Walter Mapes' Drinking Song" opens thus:—"I propose to end my days in a tavern drinking; May some Christian hold for me the glass when I am shrinking; That the Cherubim may cry, when they see me sinking; God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman's way of thinking."

29th August, 1834.—Raikes, under this date, says that Dr. Antomarchi, who attended Napoleon at St. Helena, was, during a storm recently, at breakfast in the village of Santi when the lightning entered the room through a gap in the wall, killed a young lady sitting next to him, and set her hair on fire and killed a dog at her feet. A young abbé sitting next to her was severely bruised on the foot, and had his shoe torn off and rent to pieces. It carried away the shoe and part of the stocking of a second lady. Several other persons were thrown down, but not seriously hurt.

30th August, 1697.—Among the wonderful things to be found in Cotton Mather's "Invisible World," is the account of how a ghost was seen by Mr. John Sadler, "a very learned and very pious man, and a most exemplary Christian, to whom, while he lay sick, a ghost appeared, predicting the Plague and Fire of London. Other persons came into the room, but saw or heard no ghost, though Sadler said it spake so loud the whole parish might hear." Within three days an affidavit was made, but somehow lost, and Sadler wrote an account of it all, which, however, could not be found afterwards.

31st August, 1290.—This day the whole race of English Jews were exiled for ever by a proclamation of Edward I. on penalty of death.

1st September, 1729.—When Sir Richard Steele, who died this day, first came to London, he was so bored by the friendly visits to his rooms of his jovial landlord, who was "afraid he was melancholy," that he suddenly flitted, and a few days afterwards found an advertisement in a daily newspaper, advertising for information respecting a "melancholy man," last seen going towards Islington. The advertisement concluded—"If anyone can give notice of him to L. B., fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be well rewarded for his pains." Who was "R. B.?"

2nd September, 1780.—A very extraordinary sight was this day seen at Kirtton-le-Moor, in Cumberland. A man, his wife and thirty of their children walked to the christening of the *third* first. The youngest of the walkers was two years and five months old.

3rd September, 1632.—In the office-book of the Master of the Revels, Sir Henry Herbert, is the entry of "licence to James Leale to shew a strange fish for half a year." When Trinculo (in Shakespeare's *Tempest*) mistakes Caliban for "a strange fish," he at once exclaims—"Were I in England now, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

HE PREVAILED.

IT was the gay photographer. He said unto the fair, "Oh, listen while upon my knees my passion I declare." She answered "No." He said, "It's time to this fact you awake. A woman's No's the only negative I cannot take." She thought the matter out—his words had this effect on her: She made a "snap shot," and she took the gay photographer.

GIVE 'EM TIME!

THEY had been led by the somewhat flowery advertisement to expect a "full" military band at the Lower Laindon Temperance Fête, so they were somewhat disgusted to find but five seedy-looking personages, who looked as if they had been drummed out of the militia. "D'you call *this* a full military band?" they inquired indignantly of the manager of the fête. "Give 'em time, sir, give 'em time," he replied. "They'll be right enough before they go. It wouldn't do for 'em to start full, ye know!"

AN OLD CRIMEAN HERO.

OH, yes, you know old Major Emerson—lives in the red brick villa—one of the finest old soldiers that ever wore the Queen's scarlet. He hasn't a thing, they say, barring his pension, to live on, but he's happy enough with his only daughter and that bit of a garden that he's always trimming or planting. Speaking of the garden reminds us of a little thing that occurred there the other evening. It was just about sundown, and the old Major was sitting outside the porch, doing his second pipe. Just as he was getting lost in reverie, a somewhat soiled individual, clothed in rags and wretchedness, halted outside the gate. He looked at the Major for some few minutes, muttered, "No, no, it can't be," to himself—but, still, he didn't go. At last he spoke.

"Am I speakin' to Major Emerson?" "I am Major Emerson," replied the old soldier. "Don't you remember me, sir?" "N—no, I don't think so," replied the Major, who was, nevertheless, becoming interested. "Take a good look at me"—shoving back his hat. "I am Jim Dooley—Private Dooley—once o' the 42nd!"

"That was my regiment—but I don't remember you," said the Major. "Great Cardigan!" ejaculated the fellow, "I could ha' sworn you'd never ha' forgotten me. 'Ere, I'll remind you. At Inkerman, in the thick o' the fightin' I come across you lyin' on the field shot through both legs. I took you on my back and carried you to the back of a commissariat waggin—d'ye remember that?" "I—I—remember being wounded in both legs," hesitated the Major, "but I must have become faint or unconscious, for I don't remember the carrying—"

"Well, that's won't it! I looked forward to meetin' you and gettin' sich a greetin'! Ah, well, never mind, it's the ingratitude of the age! Yet it's all as fresh in my mind as though it o'ly took place yesterday. I gave you a drink out o' my flask, of a drop o' whisky as I'd brought all the way from a new pub as opened the evenin' afore I started from the Caledonian Road—" "Ah-h-h!" shouted the Major, jumping to his feet, "yes, yes, yes! I remember it all now: I remember *that* whisky! I'll never forget that whisky! Oh, yes, I remember now—seizing the ragged wretch's hands—'yes, yes, I can taste it now—ah, and so it! It had a bluish rainbow tint, like petroleum, and had commenced to eat into the metal of the screw stopper! Oh, yes, I remember you—and it—By gosh I do!—Hi, Maude, dear—calling into the house to his daughter—'hurry down here at once with my breechloader! Remember you, I should rather—"

But all that marked the way the stranger had fled was a cloud of dust at the bottom of the lane.

HIS LITTLE PLAN.

In the Smoking Room.

Jack. What on earth makes you smoke such a filthy, dirty pipe, Tom? It is enough to knock a fellow down. Tom. Hush! Keep it dark and I'll explain. You know a lot of swells come in here, and as soon as I turn on my old pipe one of them is sure to say, "For Heaven's sake don't smoke that awful thing, Tom. Have a cigar!" Do you twig?

THE NEW BAROMETER.



THE newest barometer, right up to date, Is our old giddy gorgery, the Leech: In foretelling the weather 'tis said to be great, Although it (as yet) has no speech. If you want to be sure if 'twill rain or 'twill shine, Or merely unsettled, or splendidly fine— Or if (as is likely) the lot will combine— You just have a look at the Leech. So don't stop to screech, Nor stop to impeach The Clerk of the Weather (Who veers like a feather),

But go ye, and each Engage a good Leech— A reliable, pliable, tryable Leech.

You treat your new Leech with appropriate love (As Walton re worms did beseech)— That Leech into plenty of water you "shove" (Excuse the word "shove" in this speech): When storms are approaching it comes to the top, When merely unsettled it midway will flop; But when fine weather's on to the bottom 'twill drop— So, there's your Barometer Leech!

SHE WASN'T SELFISH.

PROUDLY, tenderly, exultingly the tall well-mashed young man drew the slender, graceful form of the fair girl into the protecting shelter of his strong young arms. Caressingly he ran his fingers through the bright golden tresses which it had taken three solid hours and a pair of Excelsior curling tongs to bring to a pitch of perfection, lovingly he pressed the carmine-tinted lips, from beneath whose ruby encasement "our champion gold mounted set" gleamed brightly and defied detection. It was a joyous, an auspicious moment, and for some minutes the happy couple stood there in contented silence, basking, as it were, in the warm, bright sunlight of perfect love. At length Alfrida, with her shapely head, and partly disengaging herself from her lover's embrace, asked, winningly, "And will you always love me, my own little birdie?"



"My darling," was Algernon's reply, but significant reply, as he attempted to draw her closer to his side. "And you'll stay at home always, and give up all zoo nasty wicked things?" "All of them, dearest." "And the club, Algy?" "Yes, and the club, my darling." "And you will never smoke any more cigars or pipes?" "N-o-o, pet," hesitatingly. "And—and you will never flirt with horrid, bold barmaid things, and never, never contradict poor poor-povey, will you?" "Never; I swear it." "And you'll always be buying little wife-pifey nice new clothes and presents and things?" "My whole attention, my ownest, shall be occupied in gratifying your lightest wish?" "And you won't mind dear mother staying with us occasionally, will you?" "Nothing, my darling, would give me greater happiness than to retain her for at least nine months of the year." "Then," replied the fair girl, dropping altogether the sweet, baby-like lisp, and suddenly disentangling herself from her lover's arms with practised dexterity, "then, Algernon—Mr. Swivelpe, all I can say is you won't suit me at all. A man who'll promise all you've done must be either a liar or a marvel. I could never accept the former; and if you're the latter I'm far too selfish, far too conscious of my own defects to allow you to link with a noble life as yours with mine. Never could I dare to monopolize so perfect a being. No, Algernon, no; such a paragon of men is not for me. Go, sir, go, and one day, perchance, you may find someone more worthy of the perfect lifelong devotion which you can offer to your bride." And as the disappointed swain made sad search for his hat, he realized the fact that had "piled it on too thick."

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 61.—FLORA HEATHERLEIGH.



THE dainty dude, the dainty dude Looked long on winsome Flora, And found her, as her face he viewed, More fair than fair Aurora. And, being shot right through the heart By Cupid's foreman gunner, He cried, "Oh! ain't she trim and smart? Oh! ain't she just a stunner?" The dainty dude, the dainty dude, While on his face he wore a Firm look, declared, whate'er ensued, He'd woo the peerless Flora. By night, by day, he would not rest Till for his wife he'd won her, "And, oh!" he sighed, with heaving breast, "And, oh! but she's a stunner!" The dainty dude, the dainty dude Proceeded, *sine mora*, What time his courage he up-screwed, To court the queenly Flora. But with her gamp, when he had "popped," She landed him a "wunner," And thus, since stunned to earth he dropped, She proved herself a stunner!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

"LIVORNO GRAND HOTEL," August 12th, 1892. MY DEAR SLOPER.—It is with extreme pleasure that I indite these few lines to you to express my thanks for the interview of myself in the issue of July 23rd, which I have only just received, for I have been travelling about, but am located here for a few weeks. The description of the interview and illustration of same has been a continual source of amusement to me ever since I saw it, and as for Giovanni—well, he is the proudest man in Italy at the present time; every pocket of his contains an "ALLY SLOPER" of July 23rd, and it is most amusing the way in which he accidentally leaves copies of it in boudoir, bedroom, church pew, etc., etc. With all good wishes and many thanks, hoping, on my return to dear London, to have the pleasure of thanking you in person, I am, sincerely yours, SCOVEL.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 128.—HE DECLINES TO GIVE UP THE "GHOST."

CERTAIN ill-informed people suspect That a delicate, delicate hint Made a recent appearance in print To the startling and shocking effect That a Royal Academy chap Had been guilty, alas! in a most Reprehensible manner, of appropriating the work of a "ghost." But such folks an erroneous story have heard, For that hint to our friend ALLY SLOPER referred.

By some bad, irresponsible lout It was bruited afar and anear That the works which the Muddlebrained Seer Had for years as his own trotted out, And of which, in his manner uncouth, He kept making a blustering boast, Had been penned, one and all, in good sooth, By an overworked, underpaid ghost. And, when SLOPER got wind of the slander, said he, "I sha'n't trouble myself to deny it—not me!"

But the great ones of England were wroth With the rascally libellant hind, And to see the poor Wreck so maligned They were loth—very laudably loth. So to SLOPER said hundreds of peers (An indignant, infuriate host), "You must bring, sir, the Law round the cars Of the scoundrel who says you're a ghost: For we know that, save SLOPER, no screedist can write Such rank rubbish as SLOPER is wont to indite!"

But ALLY, while thanking his friends For their eulogies, answered with glee, "I will squash not the libel—not me! Since I find to my welfare it tends. Just of late, for some thousands of pounds I.O.U.s have been given by I; And, when on me each creditor rounds For his cash, I will calmly reply, 'To my ghost thou must go for thy brass: for thou know'st That all writings of mine have been writ by a ghost!'"

MATERNAL PRIDE.

WHAT a beautiful thing to gaze upon and contemplate is maternal pride. We see it in the broody hen, as she hunts about among the broken crockery in our backyard on the anxious *qui vive* for a place to lay. We get it in the domestic female cat as she purrs herself into a perfect frenzy of delight when the first of her last litter of seventeen "sausages-in-the-rough," by a series of hug pullings and contortions, gets its first beady buttonhole of an eye open. But, best of all, watch it in the human being, the loving, hard working mother, as her little son's first artistic efforts are made with a piece of chalk upon the bold red side wall of the Salvation barracks.

We overheard two such worthy dames speaking proudly, as only mothers can speak, of their respective children only a few days since. We knew that Mrs. Jannockremus' little boy had some eye for sketching, but Mrs. Puttanringer's son and heir had not given great promise. "And how does your son get on at his school?" asked Mrs. Puttanringer. "Oh! beautiful, thank you, Mrs. P.," responded Mrs. Jannockremus. "He's getting quite an artist. He is mostly drawing live animals."

"So is my Billie. He drew a cat up in a tree yesterday. Drew it all by himself, too." "Indeed! Did he use crayon or pencil?" "Neither. He used rope," chirped Mrs. Puttanringer, as she turned into the side door at the butcher's.

SEASIDE SONNETS.

No. 9.—FROM MONTHS TO MINUTES.

WHEN the year on its pilgrimage started, I swore That I'd mighty soon save sixty guineas or more, Then escape from my toiling diurnal For five months, for four months, or three, And have pleasure and pastime supernal At Wotcher-macallit-on-Sea.

When a quarter had passed, such ill-luck had been mine, That I babbled no longer of months by the brine. But I still was resolved upon getting, For five weeks, or four weeks, or three, A surcease from my slaving and sweating At Wotcher-macallit-on-Sea.

When July came, I'd spent so much money in drink, That of weeks by the ocean 'twere madness to think. But, by Jove! ere the season should taper, For five days, or four days, or three, Like a Yarmouthese Lamb I would caper At Wotcher-macallit-on-Sea. By the end of July I'd so indignant grown That one day at sweet W. was all I might bone. So, one morn in mid-August I sought the fair spot. But the steamer "went wrong" on her voyage—I wot! And at length I reflect, as I sigh ill, Of the five minutes, four minutes, three. Which I spent—*et praterca nihil*—At Wotcher-macallit-on-Sea.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

WHY would the letter B be useful in many London thoroughfares?—Because it can make a road broad.

McNAB compares his London landlady to a person who travels from England to Scotland.—She gets over the border.

SLOPER expresses his fondness for the "Tivoli" by simply spelling the word backwards—"I lov it!"

If you want to collect a crowd, appeal to the letter Y. It can make one "man" become "many."

W. SIKES, Esq., is hankering to do rather more than "ax a p'liceman." Says he'd like to "pole-ax" the one that nabbed him. A RULE that applies to both a gambling den and a frozen pond: Beware of loaded (d)ice.

"YOURS is an honoured name, Mr. SLOPER." "Ah, yes! and, if I could only keep out of the clutches of the first four letters of it, I should be an honoured man."

'Tis too often too true that "two's company"; but remember Montague Tigg, and of such "companies" beware.

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

THE WICKED WORLD.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE day was warm, and Jack and Mrs. Milford had left the road to walk on a little footpath which wended its way through a belt of trees that bordered the road, and where they had shelter from the sun. Two men were sauntering towards them—one of the men having an appearance that was graven on the tablets of Juliet Carl-dodd's heart.



They were quarrelling.

"Hush! Let them pass," said Juliet. "They may not see us. There is no use to embroil yourself with a wretch like him."

"You are right," said Jack; and the two drew further into the brushwood which grew at the spot. It was evident that the two approaching men were quarrelling. They spoke fiercely and forcibly, but not loudly to one another, and yet loudly enough that some of their words were heard by the listeners. When they reached the part of the roadway opposite where Jack Milford and his wife were stationed, the two men paused, and the elder said—

"I needn't go any farther, I think, Bill Marsden."

"Then, you are to chuck me off, drop me, are you, Michael Screw?"

"That's about it, Marsden. You put things pretty plainly when you do grip 'em, but you are slow to grip."

"And I am to leave you here to enjoy yourself while I may go and starve?"

"You've hit it again; you're hitting it every time. You see, as I have said already, you have got your share—one hundred pounds. I meant to and did drop you when we reached Eng-

land, but you have put yourself to the trouble to hunt me out. You want more money. I won't give it, so there you are."

"Curse you! What will you do if I split, if I tell that Jack Milford was murdered, that you instigated his death, that the certificate of his death is

forged, and that his cousin was privy to the crime?"

"No, Marsden, you won't do that. I admit it might prevent you starving, but it would be because you would be hanged, and no one who has been hanged starves. You see, it was you who committed the murder, and it could be proved that you had quarrelled with him the day before. They would hang you, Marsden, as sure as could be!"

"Curse you again! Will you give me some money to take me away out of this?"

"No, my good man, no. I could not have such a thing on my conscience. You'd be sure to come back again."

"We shall meet again, Michael Screw!"

"Ah! I daresay. Hope you'll enjoy yourself in the interval. Ha! would you?" said Screw, as Marsden seized a heavy stone.

"Drop it; drop it at once, or I'll bore a hole in you, and end it at once." And Marsden found himself looking into the interior of a shining revolver. "I don't know why I don't do it either, and so insure your silence. It would only be the respectable Mister Screw, in self-defence, shooting a disreputable tramp who had attacked him. However, an inquest is a bother. Good day, Bill Marsden, and a pleasant walk to you." And Screw turned away contemptuously.

Marsden gazed earnestly at the masterly scoundrel as he turned away and marched the way he had come. Muttered curses dropped from his lips as a turn in the road hid Screw from his sight, and then he faced round the opposite way to resume his tramp to be confronted with a figure gazing at him with staring eyes and pointing finger.

"Heavens, Jack Milford! I've got 'em again!" shrieked Marsden, as he dropped to his knees in horror.

(To be continued next week.)

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(To be continued next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 270.—MR. BRITON RIVIERE, F.O.S.

"Like the majority of those destined to afterwards become famous, our illustrious hero gave early in life unmistakable signs of future greatness. Having upon one occasion—he could not have been more than three at the time—been presented with a small box of water colours by a generous and doting relative, the artistic instincts, which were undoubtedly born in him, came to a head, and, managing by strategy to secure possession of his baby brother, he rapidly executed a number of fantastic devices upon the body of the hapless infant, until the unfortunate little mite resembled a miniature ancient Briton or a tattooed man. This and sundry other escapades in which he indulged as he grew in years, led to his being sent to school at an unusually early period, but here again his talent got him into trouble, and his frequent and uncomplimentary caricatures of his instructors led to his dismissal. With a private tutor, he fared slightly better, and later on distinguished himself not a little at college. The frequency and skill, however, with which he would paint the town red, afforded conclusive proof that a glorious future was before him. Leaving college, he set to work in earnest, and, after being reduced almost to the necessity of drawing on the pavement for a living, managed to get a picture into the Academy. From that time his fortune was made. He rose rapidly to fame; and chiefly because he's an artist of eminence, was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him May 14th, 1887."—*Dehrett Improved.*



"Fact is, I'm a commercial, Brown, for don't you see I'm travelling in W(h)ales?"



Mr. Hoover (spasmodically). B-boatman, this is too-o rough. P-pull ashore, sharp, there's a g-good f-fellow.
Boatman. Well, guv'nor, ye see, I'll have ter charge yer a extry 'alf-dollar to 'ead up ag'in this tide, it's such a awful back-breaker.



THE COPPER CRAB.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?



Harry. That man's name is known wherever the English language is spoken.
Gertie (eagerly). Indeed. He must be a celebrated personage. What is it?
Harry. Smith!



"Say, Maria, I guess that the National Gallery will look a fool to this 'ere likeness when it's done."



ON THE "STUMP."
Disinterested Street Urchin. Say, guv'nor, ain't yer feared o' singin' that nice moustache o' yours a-makin' them nasty fags so short?

A POOR PROFESSION.



(1). Dr. Lancet (to his new servant). "Now, O'Brady, I am going out for a little while. If any patients should call, show them into the consulting room, and remember to be civil and respectful. Do you understand?" *Swreck O'Brady.* "O! du, sorr." (2). *Old Gentleman.* "Have I the honour to address the doethorin' thrade?" *Pat O'B.* "Och! shure there's little honour in that, sorr! Phew! can Oi have the pleasure to do for ye?" *O. G.* "Ah! I am right, then. My name is Viscount Painintummy. I wish to consult you professionally." *Pat O'B.* "Begob! Oi'm not loikin' the looks av ye at all at all. Shure, Oi belave ye're dead already, if yer only had the sence to stiffen out." (3). "Come into the slaughter

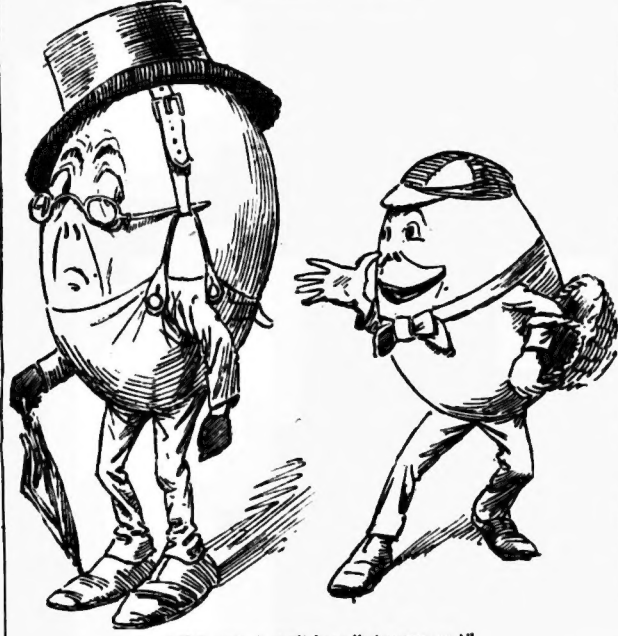
house, sorr. Oi'll be afther dogsnoicin' yer case before ye can wink. Phwhereabouts is the pain? Is it there?" *Viscount P.* "Oh!" *Pat O'B.* "Shure, Oi thought as much." (4). "Here's a pill for ye av me own invention. Begob, it'll make avther a man or a shadow av ye! Whoa! steady! Would ye? Down wid it! Niver mind shwallowin' a few old tathe as well." (5). "Now, be aisy till Oi pure down yer stummick a bit wid me patent bone-curling-skull-raker. Whirroo! ye're too fat to be hiltly. Come back, ye devil! Begob! Oi'll plough yez up to plant tathe!" (6). "Begorra! now to look at the ingratitude av the cratur! Away widout payin' his fee! An' afther me restoring him to hiltly loike a miracle! Shure, 'tis a beggarly thrade! They paid me bether whin Oi carried a hol at the buildin'!"

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.



No. 24.—Effie.

AN EGG-REGIOUS REMARK.



"Yah, look, 'e can't keep 'is trousers up!"



The best of staying in this wild place is that you can bathe where you like, but the worst of it is there is nobody to see you.